



"BE THOU THE FIRST, OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND,—HIS PRAISE IS LOST, WHO STAYS 'TILL ALL COMMEND."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 14, 1804.

NOVELS.

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER:
OR,
THE SCHOOL FOR LEVITY.

[Continued from Page 150.]

ONE day, when he returned to his apartment to dress, his servant informed him that a message had been sent from the inn, requesting his attendance on a gentleman who had refused to send his name. Edwards was much surprised, but resolved to attend the summons; and, as soon as he was dressed, repaired alone to the inn. He was immediately shewn into an apartment, where he found a youth of those features, he imagined, he had some recollection; but, it being then twilight, he could not be certain. The stranger, without giving him time to speak, rose to receive him; and accosting him by his name, said—

"I should apologize, to you for neglecting to acquaint you with the name of the person who has thus presumed to solicit our company, but that I know you would be equally unacquainted with that as with my person; and the business I have with you is of a nature that must render form immaterial."

He seemed embarrassed as he spoke; and Edwards waited, in mute astonishment, the result of this strange adventure.

"Have you dined?" asked the stranger, again addressing him.

Edwards said he had not; and, upon invitation, consented to stay at the inn. During dinner, the stranger spoke little, appeared thoughtful, and frequently sighed: when the wine was brought, he smiled—

"I am but a poor companion at a bottle, Mr. Edwards; you will excuse me, I hope:—my first glass must be to the girl of my heart."

He filled:—Edwards followed his example;—and the stranger bending over his glass, said—

"To the health of Matilda Aubrey."

"Do you know her?" asked Francis starting, and putting down the glass.

"Intimately," replied his companion; and it is concerning her you see me here.

—And, now, tell me honestly the terms you are upon with that lady."

Edwards hesitated.

"Your question, sir, is abrupt, not to say rude; and I know not whether I should answer it or not."

"Just as you please," returned the other, coldly; "only understand this—I am authorised by the lady herself to make the inquiry.—In fact, I am her brother—I think you must have perceived the resemblance.—She has informed me of your acquaintance at Canterbury, an intimacy she thinks on with pleasure. Her friends are urgent for her to marry; but the man they have selected for her is not the object of her choice:—you will pardon my plainness, now, I trust, and honor me with your real sentiments."

"Undoubtedly," replied Edwards. "The admiration your sister excited in my heart, I may say, almost claims the tenderest name; and I doubt not that a further acquaintance would confirm that claim. But it would ill become me to encourage a partiality on either side, which may ultimately involve us both in distress; for, here I candidly declare, I have neither fortune nor expectations beyond my daily pay."

"That is immaterial, sir," replied the stranger, hastily. "If your affection is supported by honorable views, the fortune of my sister will, when of age, be amply sufficient."

"Excuse me, Mr. Aubrey," interrupted Edwards; "I would not be so base as to steal into a family, who, knowing my pretensions, would refuse me with scorn."

"I see how it is, sir," said Aubrey, colouring highly; "you varnish over your want of love for my sister, by this plausible parade of honor."

"I know not, sir," returned Edwards, brightly; "whether you seek, by this interference, to befriend or insult me; but you mistake me much, if your last sentence expressed your opinion of me.—I admire, nay, love Miss Aubrey too well to suffer her to disgrace herself."

Aubrey covered his face with his hands, and seemed much agitated.—Edwards proceeded—

"Your zeal in your sister's behalf may

lead you to her injury; and, were I dishonorable enough, I might avail myself of your favor: but, I see, you are young and inexperienced, and to that I impute your generous error."

"You are right!" exclaimed his companion; "tis my youth and inexperience that urges me to this:—then you positively decline an alliance with Matilda Aubrey?"

"Do not interpret too hastily," interrupted Edwards; "were you authorised to propose one, I should answer you differently—but, concluding, from what you have said, that the family of that lady is wealthy and respectable, I am too conscious of the disadvantages I labor under to presume to hope for such an union; it is, therefore, better for the peace of both that we see each other no more:—honor, duty, every consideration, require the sacrifice; and I doubt not, as it is the greatest on my side, it is the more my duty to enforce it."

"Ah, heavens!" exclaimed Aubrey, falling back in his chair; "then all is lost!"

The tears started to his eyes, and he seemed nearly fainting. Edwards sprung from his seat, and flew to his support.

"Amiable youth! why this excessive sensibility?"

He took one of his hands—it was cold and white as marble. A sudden idea darted across his mind, as he gazed upon the now inanimate features of his companion; he loosened his collar, to give him air—every thing conspired to convince him it was Matilda Aubrey. Her complexion, darkened by art, had, for a while, deceived him; and, he now pressed her with a wild transport of astonishment and rapture to his beating heart.

When Matilda revived, she found that her secret was discovered; and she hid her face in his bosom, while a torrent of tears served to relieve her. Edwards soon urged an explanation.

"Forgive this rash step," said she, recovering some degree of composure; "extremity, only, has driven me to it. I wished to try your principles before I put myself in your power; that trial has answered my most sanguine hopes. I have now no other fear than that of suffering in your opinion;

however, I would have you be assured, that, with all this apparent imprudence, there are bounds, beyond which I will not transgress."

She spoke with assumed dignity, and Edwards listened in silent attention.

"I have not deceived you in respect to my family; my fortune will be ample; and in twelve months I shall be of age; and, if you please to accept the proffered gift, this hand shall then be your's. I see your surprise—I guess what you would say. But, hear me:—had I staid any longer with my friends, I should have been urged into an alliance contrary to my inclination: in preference to which, I chose to adopt this plan, eccentric as it may seem to a narrow, prejudiced mind:—mine is not such—and I seek in your's a congenial soul. I have an independent income;—and here I wish to live, awhile, retired and concealed from my friends.—Your society shall alone enliven my solitude; and we shall thereby form a friendship which years of formal courtship might not effect. It now rests with you to perfect or destroy my plan."

Whatever Edwards thought, he could not possibly start any objections to measures prompted by the most generous attachment; and, to the purity of his own intentions, he trusted to avoid any evil consequences: he therefore thanked her, in the most ardent terms, for the confidence she ventured to repose in him, and with ease arranged every thing for her accommodation.—Apartments were taken for her at a farm-house some distance from the town, where she was to pass for his sister.

The novelty of this affair for a while diverted Edwards from all thoughts of the inconveniences with which it must be attended; and the frequent absence of Clatterton left him at liberty to see Matilda oftener than he otherwise could have done, as he was, equally with the other officers, excluded by the peremptory command of Matilda, from any share in the secret.

At every visit Edwards found some new charm in Matilda; and the variety of amusements with which she studied to beguile the hours he passed with her, kept awake his attention, and commanded his admiration: her voice was fine, and she played exquisitely on the harpsichord, to which Edwards ever listened with rapture. Sometimes she would arrange her apartment tastefully with flowers, and in a fancied, romantic dress, surprise him with the beauty of her person; at another time, relying solely on the powers of persuasive eloquence, she would read her favorite authors to him, and make such comments as proved both the strength of her understanding, and the wild eccentricity of her idios. Edwards was entranced by the delusive magic; and insensibly devoted the greatest part of his time to her, notwithstanding the railing of his associates.

Clatterton's last excursion to town had been to arrange the preliminaries of his marriage with Miss Evelyn, who solicited only a protraction of time, previous to giving her final consent. What secret cherished hope, urged this desire for procrastination may be guessed; but reason ever controlled the hopes and wishes of Georgiana; and, in this case, she almost believed hope to be unreasonable. Clatterton, though a successful suitor, returned to — with a depression of spirits he would not account for; nor could Edwards, conscious as he was of his own duplicity, urge him to a disclosure.

The total seclusion in which Matilda, by choice, lived, rendered it no difficult task for them to keep their occasional intercourse a secret from the rest of the officers; and tho' Edwards felt some pain by the restraint, delicacy withheld him from giving the least hint of it to Miss Aubrey.

One day he found her with a newspaper in her hand; she pointed out to him the paragraph she had been reading, in which was contained a description of her person, and an earnest entreaty for her to return, if safe, to her friends. "And what is your intention, my dear Matilda?" asked Edwards, with a look of solicitude.

"How can you ask that question?" she replied, reproachfully. "After having dared to do what I have done, it is strange that you should suppose me easily shaken.—No! Edwards; the reasons which then impelled me to a step so unprecedented, so full of danger, are now strengthened:—your honorable conduct, your disinterestedness, prove to me, that the sacrifices I have made, and am still ready to make, are too little to prove the strength of my esteem—my affection."

Edwards felt oppressed.

"But, when I reflect on the sufferings of your friends, think me not ungrateful, if I utter a wish to have them alleviated."

"You are in an error," she returned, with a quick blush; "I have no parents to whom the implicit obedience prescribed by custom might be due: the claims of my friends are imaginary, and neither my reason nor my inclination subscribe to them. It is true, I have one relative to whom I would **not** willingly give pain; but, as that one will be but an ideal sufferer, and my conduct must be, in the end, a temporal advantage, I acquit myself of injustice or ingratitude in acting as I do; and, even were it otherwise, I fear my heart would be a truant to the cause.—But, are you tired of my society, Edwards? Have I been deceived in supposing you capable of that pure friendship with which my bosom glows? If you wish to retract your engagement with me, speak candidly—I scorn dissimulation—you know I do;—perhaps too much so in the opinion of those who are fettered by the shackles of prejudice: it is for this, perhaps, you no longer love me."

Edwards, hurt by a supposition which seemed to accuse him of ingratitude, was eloquent in his endeavors to remove such an idea from her mind.

"But, whatever delight I may feel, dearest Matilda," he added, "it must be dampened by the reflection, that I am able to make such poor compensation for an attachment so noble;—nay, worse—to avail myself of a woman's generosity, to my own exaltation and her abasement."

"Another such sentence as that, banishes me forever," said Matilda. "Poor compensation!—all the riches of the eastern world—the never-fading wreaths of fame—would afford less satisfaction than your confidence—your firm unlimited affection."

To have harbored a thought derogatory to the virtue of Matilda would have seemed to the mind of Edwards, the basest perfidy to have been himself the destroyer of the virtue, he would have conceived himself the veriest monster in existence; yet that which appears a crime in contemplation is too often palliated in the commission by progressive circumstances; and the repugnance it should excite sleeps, until the hour of repentance arrives. Such was the case with Edwards, involved in an attachment which excited the tenderest emotions, lulled in imaginary security by the plausible and enthusiastic arguments of Matilda, and relying too strongly upon his own honor, Edwards suffered himself to be thrown off his guard by the fascinating blandishments of his enchantress—yet his remorse seemed to be stronger upon the occasion than that of Matilda; he condemned himself as the sole aggressor and, now, alternately wished for and dreaded the day that should unite them. Matilda uttered not a reproachful word; yet her conduct underwent a material change: she no longer seemed to feel that excessive timidity which had called forth his tenderest attentions; but seemed more strongly to inform her claims by an air of implicit dependance upon his integrity and love.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MISCELLANEOUS.

FOR THE HIVE.

Mr. EDITOR,

I HAVE for some time past contemplated to pen a few remarks on the habits, occupations and amusements of youth in this borough, and the ideas which strangers entertain of it generally, hoping that if through a habit of inattention to others, injurious consequences should result to themselves, the some attention will be paid to the regulation of their conduct in future. I have had an opportunity of hearing the opinion of strangers of all ranks, and I never heard one express his satisfaction at the treatment he received, but, on the contrary, have known

I sacrifice pecuniary considerations of consequence, merely for the purpose of saving the detestable place ; where no entertainment, no company, nor conversation can be met with,—all appeared to enjoy themselves in drinking and carousing with each other, to the total exclusion of those who had not a claim to personal acquaintance with each of the company. I have it said of Philadelphia, that the inhabitants were of a proud, reserved, imperious disposition, but will any person who has been a stranger and sojourner in both places say they will even bear a comparison.—No. the formality and Quaquerism of the latter alone proceeds the cause, while thatious sect bears sway, it will continue to flourish in inland town, the rest in the United States, fall under the imputation, where the same causes of be alledged in extenuation, and where means of redress are wholly in the power of its inhabitants? I trust not. I trust the young men will portion their time more for good of society. As self-interest is the strongest motive to action, and the strongest that can be adduced for the adoption of a different line of conduct than has heretofore been practised. I hope it will succeed, we all know, that in Baltimore, and other cities, where the inhabitants are famous for profligacy, every thing prospers. It is only necessary for a young man to seat himself one of these capitals, and the avenues to wealth and happiness open to his view.—Men in addition to this, are considered the advantages of an extensive acquaintance, acquired by these means, I firmly trust, that will be taken into serious consideration, the means of redress adopted. P.



To THE EDITOR OF "THE HIVE."

SIR,

IN the 36th number of *The Hive*, I see one of your fair correspondents come forward, with a new work, the *School of Love*, which she gives two questions to solve ; which I have done, as you see below. Should you deem the solutions correct, then, I expect, you will give them a place in your next week's publication.

THE SCHOOL OF LOVE.

Question I.—"What is Love?"

Answer.

LOVE's the most tender passion of the mind. The softest refuge innocence can find ; The safe director of unguarded youth, Fraught with kind wishes and secur'd by truth, Heaven in our cup this lenient drop has thrown, To make the nauseous draught of life go down.

Nothing need be added to the poet's words—they are a sufficient answer to this first question.

Question II.—"How many Lovers may a Lady entertain at one time, without being a Coquette?"

Answer.—Only ONE, Celia.—If five hundred fellows take it into their heads to make love to you, why let 'em. Be civil to them : be polite to them : and use them with good manners. But, if by simpering, ogling, leering, scolding, &c. &c. you give any more of them, than one, reason to continue his services, and to hope for kinder days—if you do this, you are, indeed, my dear Celia, an arrant Coquette.

Y * * k.

P. O.—NO AMATOR.

NEW QUESTIONS PROPOSED.

I. "Why are old maids generally peevish and ill-natured?"

II. "At what age does the heart of an old maid beat the last pang for a husband?"



EULOGY ON TIME.

FOR ages past the world has loaded Time with reproaches and invectives ; he is treated as the universal destroyer : he is accused of overturning every thing, of ruining the most solid monuments, of bringing in his train old age and death ; in fine, of covering the universe with ravages and ruins. We shall avenge the respectable old man of the injustice and the ingratitude of his detractors, by showing that, although he is the author of some inevitable evils he knows how to compensate them amply by the numerous favors which he confers upon mankind.

Follow a man from his cradle to his tomb : with Time he arrives at walking and speaking ; with Time his limbs grow strong, and his organs develope themselves ; with the assistance of Time he adorns his mind with every species of knowledge which can contribute to his happiness. His heart speaks

— the passions awake— increase in violence — rise to their summit—the tempest is formed ; and, the sport of a thousand contrary winds, the unfortunate rolls from rock to rock at the mercy of the enraged waves. In vain does reason present him its torch ; the thickness of the clouds obscures its light, and this very guide, struck by the tempest, serves only to lead him astray by its frequent oscillations. Who, then, can appease the multitudinous waves?—who restores a calm, and at length conducts the shipwrecked mariner into a salutary port?—Time : he, alone, extinguishes the fire of desire, suppresses the fury of the passions, and brings back to the heart of man peace and happiness. Suppose his fortune unequal to his wants, and that he must labor ; it is only with the assistance of Time that he can obtain the ease which he desires ; it is Time which gradually makes known his merit, and, at length, opens to him the road to honors and lucrative employments.

Delia complains that time has withered her charms ; but by how many kindnesses has he indemnified her for this loss ? Love for an ingrate consumed her heart, and constituted the torment of her life ; Time has destroyed the illusion, and restored peace to her mind. A cruel sickness undermined her health ; all medicine was of no avail : Time, alone, has effected for her a perfect cure.

Cephis lost a beloved husband ; her friends lavished their consolations upon her in vain : they only irritated her grief. Time came ; his beneficent hand poured the balm of consolation into her afflicted heart ; and Cephis, forgetting the dead, has resumed, in favor of the living, her native gaiety and charms.

Linval strove to please the young and agreeable Cidalise : in vain did he employ all the resources which nature and education gave him ; his efforts were to no purpose.—Linval had recourse to Time : Time softened the heart of his mistress, and crowned the wishes of the fortunate Linval.

Sainville was oppressed with debt ; he came to a settlement with his creditors, who allowed him Time. Time brought about the death of a rich relative, to whom he was heir ; Time amassed for him some savings ; Time gave him a wealthy and beautiful widow for his wife, and Sainville paid his creditors.

With Time, we arrive at the end of all things ; without time we can do nothing.—I would gladly execute that business for you, says your friend, but I have not Time.—Why has this work so many faults? Because the author did not take due Time in its compilation.—Why is this Eulogy on Time so short, when the subject is so capable of amplification? It is, because I have not Time to write more, and have a regard for the Time of its readers.



S C R A P S.

AN inconstant man is a wandering star never fixed in any resolution. Whatever he meant or said is presently altered, for he meant it not long enough to take impression. All his purposes are built upon the floating island of his several humors. He is the best enemy that can be, but the worst friend — for 'tis a wonder if his love or hatred last so long as a wonder.

AN ambitious man is a mere bladder, puffed up with the wind of hope. Many times he rises high, and then, like a rocket in the air, breaks and falls down, to the wonder of the beholders.

A self-conceited man is one, that looking through the spectacles of self-love, on his own worth, makes every small thing seem great in his own conceit—He looks only upon the flowers of his good actions, but not on the weeds of his imperfections.

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

Addressed to a Gentleman of this Borough.

COULD I, like thee, the pleasing pencil guide,
And paint fair Nature in her lovely pride—
Bid the rude mountain rough, with rocks appear,
Bid trees expand, and forests flourish fair:—
How should I love—and fond—the theme pursue,
Cause the huge ridges to ascend in view—
Bid scatter'd hamlets—beauteous streams appear,
And herds, and woolly flocks, assemble near—
Bid Nature's boast—fair WOMAN—glad the sight,
And brighten all creation with delight.

Forbid, by genius, in my natal hour,
To use, like thee, that dear creative pow'r
I must resign, and unto others leave,
Those powers which Nature never meant to give.

Lancaster, Feb. 18, 1804.

FOR THE HIVE.

Reflections on hearing a Father's advice to his Children.

WHEN man has pass'd his youthful glee of life,
And sees his little offspring playing round;
That father then should nurse that offspring up,
And teach the little, tender pledges love.

What sight more glowing to the breast of man,
Or charge more noble, than a little babe,
The mother's offspring and the father's care.

Taught by their guardian friends the path of truth,
And by them taught the precious time of youth.

Oh! virtue, healing balm, a pious life,
Sweet reflection, the soother of old age!
Then is the value of a virtuous life,
When just before him is eternity
Invaluable end of mortal man—
To die in virtue, then in peace above.

Baltimore, Feb. 1804. ORLANDO.

To "C."

WHOEVER errs, and thus his error owns—
Whoever thus a trivial fault atones,
Disarms all censure—Nay! extorts applause,
And wins the candid to espouse his cause.
But errs, my friend, "for pardon you implore,"
Renact the promise, "that you'll rhyme no more."

*[H. Bal.]**B.*

E. P. I. C. R. A. M.

"LET the loud thunders roll along the skies,
"Glad in my virtue I the storm despise."
"Indeed," cries Peter, "how your lot I bless,
"To be so comforted in so thin a dress."

ODES FROM ANACREON.

[MOORE'S TRANSLATION.]

In gallantry and delicacy the following ode may vie with any thing produced in the more modern days of chivalry. It is unquestionably true that the sentiments of the ancients, relative to the fair sex, were generally less refined than those of the moderns. Women were looked upon rather as conveniences than as companions; and, love consisted much more of passion than of affection. In this instance, however, the Grecian bard seems to have been inspired with a delicate and enthusiastic admiration which would do honor to a modern lover; and Mr. Moore has been remarkably fortunate in infusing into his English version the simplicity and tenderness of the original.

TO all that breathè the air of heaven,
Some boon of strength has nature given.
When the majestic bull was born,
She fence'd his brow with wreathed horn.
She arm'd the courser's foot of air,
And wing'd with speed the panting hare.
She gave the lion fangs of terror,
And on the ocean's chrystral mirror,
Taught the unnumber'd scaly throng
To trace their liquid path along;
While for the umbrage of the grove,
She plum'd the warbling world of love.
To man she gave the flame refin'd,
The spark of heaven—a thinking mind!
And had she no surpassing treasure,
For thee, oh woman! child of pleasure!
She gave thee beauty—shaft of eyes,
That every shaft of war outflies!
She gave thee beauty—blush of fire,
That bids the flames of war retire!
Woman! be fair, we must adore thee;
Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

We read the flying courser's name
Upon his side, in marks of flame;
And by their turban'd brows alone,
The warriors of the east are known.
But in the lover's glowing eyes,
The inlet to his bosom lies;
Through them we see the small faint mark,
Where love has dropp'd his burning spark!

[Monsieur La Fesse has enlarged upon this thought of Anacreon, in the following epigrammatic lines.]

Lorsque je vois un amant,
Il cache en vain son tourment,
A le trahir tout conspire,
Sa langueur, son embarras,
Tout ce qu'il peut faire ou dire,
Meme ce qu'il ne dit pas.

In vain the lover tries to veil

The flame which in his bosom lies;
His cheeks' confusion tells the tale,

We read it in his languid eyes:
And though his words the heart betray,
His silence speaks e'en more than they.

HUMORIST.

HOGARTH'S LAST PAINTING.

A few months before this ingenious artist was seized with the malady which deprived society of one of its most distinguished ornaments he proposed for his matchless oil the work he has entitled *A TAIL PIECE*, the first idea of which is said to have started in company while the convivial artist was circulating round his own table.—"next undertaking," said Hogarth, "shall be the *end of all things*." "If that be the case," replied one of his friends, "your business will be finished, for there will be an end of painter." "There will so!" answered Hogarth, sighing heavily; "and, therefore, sooner my work is done the better." Accordingly he began the next day, and completed his design with a diligence that seemed to indicate an apprehension he should not live till he had completed it. This, however, did in the most ingenious manner, by giving every thing which could denote the *end of all things*.—A broken bottle—an old bottle worn to the stump—the but end of an old musket—a cracked bell—a bow unstrung—a crown tumbled in pieces—towers in ruins—the *sign-post* of a tavern, called the White Horse End, tumbling—the moon in her wane—a map of the globe burning—a gibbit full—the body gone, and the chains which held it dropping down—Phœbus and horses dead in the clouds—a vessel wrecked—Time with his hour glass and scythe broken, and a tobacco pipe in his mouth, the last whiff of smoke going out—a play-book opened—a *Excent Omnes* stamp'd in the corner—an empty purse—and a statue of bank-note taken out against Nature.—"So far so good," cried Hogarth; "nothing remains but to take his pencil in a sort of prophetic fury and dashing off the similitude of a *painted pallet broken*. *FINIS!*" exclaimed Hogarth, "the deed is done! all is over!"—It is remarkable, and little known, perhaps, that Hogarth died in about a month after finishing this *TAIL PIECE* having never again taken up a pencil in his hand.

TERMS OF THE HIVE.

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